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of the Herd' during the approach of a thunder-storm. Already the fierce rain has overtaken the group of cattle in the distance, but the white cow and her yellowish-red calf in the bright yellow-grey foreground are enveloped in light. The bull is dark-brown

and black, and a noble specimen of his race. Mr. Moran's aim, in this canvas and elsewhere, is to give the best natural representation of his subject in a broad and general manner. He strives to be correct without being photographic.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

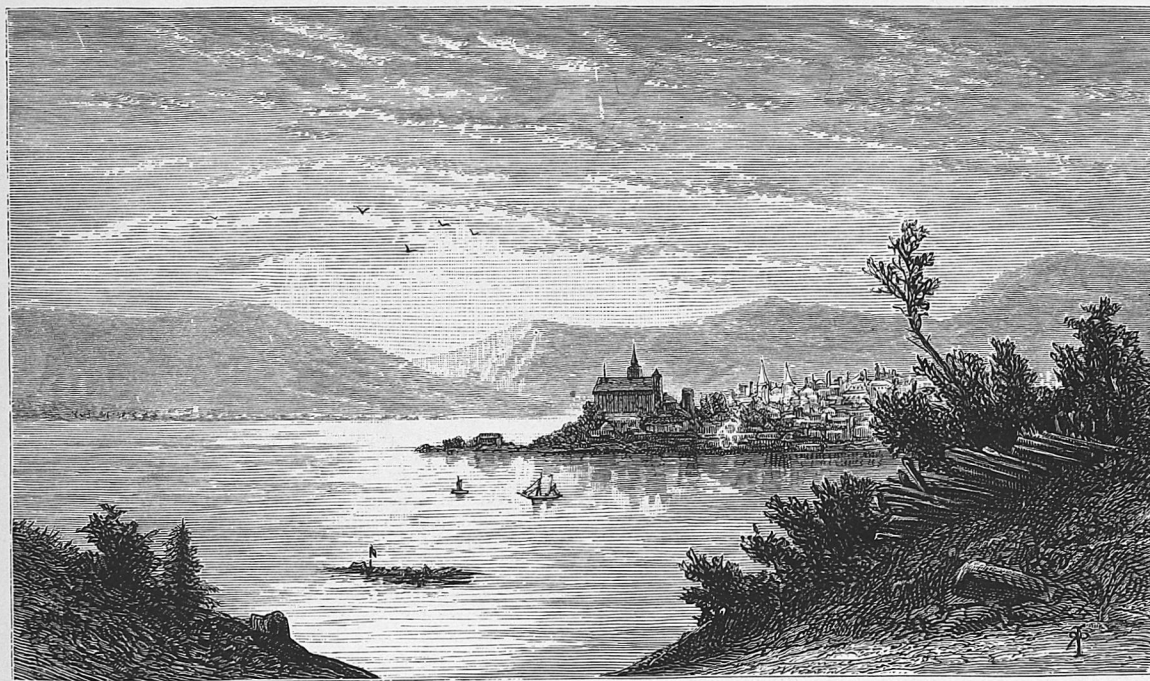
CHAPTER XVI.



HE first port touched *en route* for the capital of Norway is Christiansand, snugly hidden in the extreme south of the district or "amt" of Sæterdalen—that land of eccentricity in costume and quaintness of habitation, of short waists and long trousers reaching to the shoulders, above which come the baby-looking jackets of no depth. With what zest does one strain for the first peep at the small seaport of a new land! What value is attached to the first symptom of costume, or even a new form of chimney! The steamer from Hull generally arrives on Sunday,

when Christiansand is looking its neatest. The white tower of the church, shining over the wooden houses of the town, the Norwegian smacks and shipping, all in repose; only the heavy compressed Noah's Ark kind of dumpy barges moving, together with a Customs' gig, with some official. As we looked

up at the church tower we could not but wonder if we should hear, during our short visit, the whistle of the "wakter"; for tradition says that, for the protection of the place, a watchman is always on the look-out, ready to give the alarm should a fire break out in the town, which, being built almost entirely of wood, would soon be reduced to a heap of ashes. But no! we heard no whistle from the watchman, not even a rehearsal. *On dit* that for three hundred years has the wakter looked out afar, and no whistling arousal has come forth from the tower. Christiansand has been mercifully preserved from fire, and long may it be so. Coming over in the steamer, a friend told me of a Norwegian he once met on board. He was a Christiansander. The Norseman was in great glee and high spirits, and having entered into conversation with my friend, soon proposed a "schaal" (a health). This achieved, the story of the Norseman's adventures began to run rapidly off the reel. Born at Christiansand, at the age of sixteen Lars became restless—wanted to see America, and make his own way. Lars's father and mother were then living, with one daughter, besides himself. She would take care of them whilst Lars started on a voyage of discovery on the battle-field of life; he therefore determined to go. So he left home, visited Chicago and California; but



Christiania.

when at San Francisco, hearing that at Yokohama, in Japan, there was an opening in the butter trade, he went there, founded a business, and made it pay. Afterwards Lars returned to San Francisco, engaged in an ale brewery, and was now on his

way back to his native place in search of a glass-bottle manufacturer to accompany him to San Francisco and make bottles for the ale brewed by the worthy Norseman, whose experience had shown him that "bottled ale" was the leading article to make the concern duly profitable. This is the yarn, though much abbreviated, he told my friend, and when they came

* Continued from page 115.

into the harbour poor Lars's anxiety was intense. He had telegraphed to say that he was coming, and expected some one to meet and welcome him. During his absence he had heard that his sister had married happily, and the son-in-law was very kind to his father. Soon Lars's mind was set at rest; a boat neared the steamer; in the stern-sheets sat an old man, a good fair-haired Norseman rowing him. The old man was Lars's father. Soon the old man was on deck, and looked round; but he did not see his boy. At last he spied him, and throwing his

arms round his son's neck, was fairly overcome with joy. Soon the old man recovered and began a good flow of Norske. At this juncture poor Lars felt how long he had been away; he could not remember his native language; it had fled, as from the Claimant; *Non mi ricordo* was the fact, and it was some time before they thought of getting down into the boat to land. More success we heartily wish to the good Lars; may his bottles be manufactured on the spot, and his good "ø1" cheer the heart without muddling the brain.



A Timber Shoot.

When *we* entered Christiansand *we* looked out for a boat. Hans Luther Jordhoy had come down from Gudbramdalen to meet us; he came off and was soon on board; a closely knit frame, fair beard, moderate stature, and kindly eye, there our future companion stood before us, and our first impressions were not disturbed; he had very good points, and has afforded us many pleasing associations in connection with our days of travel in "Norge."

As we steamed out of the harbour of Christiansand, we met a small passenger coast steamer coming in. One of those innu-

merable small screw steamers which run in and out of every fjord from Cape Lindesnesk to the North Cape. Are their names not written in *Norge Communicationer*, the Norwegian steamer *Bradshaw*? The kindly national feeling towards the English was soon shown, for the brass band on board the excursion boat immediately struck up "God save the Queen." We quite regretted that we had no band to return the compliment, which we longed to do. The only thing left for us to do was to give a cheer, which was done heartily by those on board our vessel.

We are now started for a run to Christiania. Comparatively smooth water, a lovely evening, a prolonged *crepusculum*; and late in the evening a sweet little French song was sung, with the most delightful simplicity, by a lady on board; "Petites Fleurs des Bois" is indelibly impressed on the mind of the patriarch as a high moral influence. When it was afterwards known that we were indebted to an English bride for such a treat, as it really was, the bachelors whispered a "Happy bond of union;" but considered that Norwegian travelling was not

made on purpose for honeymooning. Take carriages, for instance, or the jolting of *stolkjæ*, where the bride would sometimes be thrown into the lap of the bridegroom, or *vice versa*. No; unless the bride knows all about Norwegian travels, manners, and customs, Norway will not prove the happy hunting grounds for honeymoons. The whole of the Christiania Fjord is grand, and it is immense. A decided flutter takes place on board when the town is in sight and preparations are made for disembarkation. Hans Luther, our *nouveau arrivé* at Christiansand, had by



A Market Cart.

this time made the personal acquaintance of our luggage, and went to the Custom House, whence we were soon sent for. Certain condiments and preserved provisions were unknown to the officials, one item especially, pea-soup in powder. We arrived, and suggested that the unusual product should be tasted. The official demurred at first, then yielded. At the moment of putting the powder to his lips, he unfortunately drew a long breath, which drew the dry powdered pea-soup down the wrong way; he ultimately recovered, and then, doubtless, made a vow never, never again to taste any foreign importation.

We were soon at the Victoria Hotel, with its quaint courtyard, the galleries running round, the pigeons excessively tame, hopping and perching on all sides; the reindeer head was nailed to the woodwork. During the tourist season a large marquee is erected in the centre of the courtyard for the tables d'hôte and extra meals. In the meantime we went to our rooms, longing to be out in a boat for a general view of the city. A few extras were required before starting in real earnest; amongst these were two rifle slings. These had to be made, and are referred to here because they caused us to become acquainted with the manners

of the place. The leather slings were well made, the price was most "tolky" and exorbitant. This led to remonstrance, upon which the saddler wrote a remarkable letter. It is a pity it has not been preserved verbatim; it was, however, to the effect that the saddler was happy to serve us well; but thinking we were English gentlemen, he thought we should wish to pay English prices; still, if we wished to pay Norwegian prices, it would be so much; and it was the "so much" which we did pay.

Christiania has a population of about seventy thousand, and owes its modern appearance to the destruction of the old town by fire; in the present day, the suburbs extend widely and all round; to the westward, villas reach almost to Oscar's Hall,

an object of interest distinctly seen from the town itself and from the fortress, and situated some four miles distant by land and half that distance by water. The Villa, with its high tower, is the property of the king, and is rich in the native talent of Tidemand, who was the national *genre* painter of his day. Magnificent views of the fjord, bay, and surrounding mountains seem to come at all points, high or low, whether from the fortress or from the Egeberg, or from the tower of the church in the Market Place, or, farther off, from Frogner Sæter and from Skoyomsaas; for this latter a long day should be taken.

The University, the Storthing, museums, and Mr. Bennett have already been so often described—still just one word.



Christiansand.

Every Englishman is received by Mr. Bennett, and at once his every wish is carried out. We only called to see him, and get some "smaa penge"; for if we had not, no one would have believed that we had been to Norway. Before the country was well opened, Mr. Bennett must have been of the greatest service, to first comers especially.

During our very short stay we had an excellent opportunity of judging of the character of the people, when collected in masses and great crowds. There was to be a great procession of guilds and all kinds of things up to the New Palace. This we attended, and very gratified we were to find how orderly the good folk were; how quiet, and yet what a sense of comfortable

enjoyment, if that term may be used; no excitement, but a cheerful interest in all that was going on; no crushing, no rush of roughs. If this were the case in the large towns, we considered that it omened well for the provinces. Between Christiania and Kongsberg, passing Drammen, much timber is seen wending its way down to the fjord. An instance of a "timber jam" after a shoot is given in one of the illustrations. Sometimes trees are torn away at flood time. The regular timber is duly marked and started, and, at certain periods of the year, persons follow the course of the river for the purpose of releasing the "jams" and helping the timber on its way down to Drammen, where it is shipped for all parts of the world.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN FLORENCE.



THE United States consul at Florence, Italy, has made to the State Department an interesting and valuable report on Art-study and American Art-students in the capital of Tuscany. He recapitulates the advantages of Florence as a place of residence for artists, but advises his countrymen not to go there until they have laid, in their own country, a solid foundation of instruction, and established their artistic constitutions on the basis of their own nationality, so as not to become mere copyists of foreign styles and subjects. He adds: "If our artists will thoroughly imbue themselves with American feelings and associations, with the living ideas and aims of their own country before coming abroad, they will be both better prepared to appreciate all that Italy offers them,

and have a stronger hold on their countrymen in the competition which their presence necessarily invites from the artists of all nations. It depends on themselves to rise to the level of their opportunity as conscientious and well-trained artists, inspired by a passion for their profession, or to sink to the mere commercial phase struggling for pecuniary success, reckless of the quality of their work, and of plagiarisms, and other makeshifts for getting on rapidly." The trials of young singers who are obliged to face the pitiless criticism and malignant intrigues of the public theatres in Florence are graphically portrayed. "Several sad cases of shipwrecked fortunes having come to my own personal knowledge, it is my opinion that none not possessing beyond question remarkable talents and voices, with sound health and sufficient means to render them independent of the result, should make this venture in Italy."